66th SEASON. 629th CONCERT.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

Sunday Evening,

January 30, 1881,

AT 7.30.

MOZART'S REQUIEM MASS.

BEETHOVEN'S CHRIST ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MISS HATTIE LOUISE SIMMS, SOPRANO.

MISS ITA WELSH, CONTRALTO.

MR. WILLIAM COURTNEY, TENOR.

MR. CLARENCE E. HAY, BASS.

MR. CARL ZERRAHN, CONDUCTOR.

MR. B. J. LANG, ORGANIST.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1881: BACH'S *Passion Music according to Saint Matthew.*
Solos by Miss EDITH ABELL, Miss ANNIE CARY, Mr. WILLIAM J. WINCH, Mr. JOHN F. WINCH, Mr. GEORG HENSCHEL.

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1881: MENDELSSOHN'S *Saint Paul.*
Solos by Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, Mrs. JENNIE M. NOYES, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, Mr. GEORG HENSCHEL.

Seats may now be secured for each concert at the ticket office in Music Hall.

Prices $1.00 *and* $1.50, *according to position.*

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

BORN AT SALZBURG, JANUARY 27, 1756 . . . . . DIED AT VIENNA, DECEMBER 5, 1791.

REQUIEM MASS.

THE last work of the composer. Begun in July, 1791, commissioned by the Count FRANZ VON WALSEGG, of Ruppach, by whom it was produced as an original work, December 14, 1793. The incomplete score filled up and the numbers omitted by MOZART — *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, *Agnus Dei* — supplied by his pupil, FRANZ XAVER SÜSSMAYER. Third performance by the Society. Previous presentations, January 18 and March 29, 1857, in Music Hall.

CHORUS. SOLO. *Soprano.*

REQUIEM æternam dona eis, DOMINE: et lux perpetua luceat eis.

REST eternal give them, LORD: and let perpetual light shine upon them.

TE decet hymnus, DEUS, in Sion, et Tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem: exaudi orationem meam, ad Te omnis caro veniet.

UNTO Thee, O GOD, shall hymns be sung in Sion, and unto Thee shall vows go up in Jerusalem: hear my prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

KYRIE eleison! CHRISTE eleison!

LORD have mercy! CHRIST have mercy!

DIES IRÆ.*

CHORUS.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

DAY OF VENGEANCE, without morrow,
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

QUARTET.

TUBA mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages —
Judgment-record of past ages!

* Saint Thomas of Celano, 1250. English version by General John A. Dix, 1863.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

CHORUS.

REX tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons Pietatis!

KING of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of Pity, safety send us!

QUARTET.

RECORDARE, JESU pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

HOLY JESUS, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me;
By Thy cross and passion bought me —
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, DEUS!

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O GOD, my spirit's moaning!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne!

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

CHORUS.

CONFUTATIS maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

WHEN the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, O save me from the burning!

CHORUS.

LACHRYMOSA dies illa!
Qua resurget ex favillâ.
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, DEUS!

DAY of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition.

PIE JESU DOMINE,
Dona eis requiem. *Amen.*

LORD all pitying, JESU blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest. *Amen.*

OFFERTORY. CHORUS. QUARTET.

DOMINE JESU CHRISTE, Rex gloriæ, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni, et de profundo lacu: libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; sed signifer sanctus Michael repræsentet eas in lucem sanctam Quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et semini ejus.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pangs of hell, and from the deep abyss: save them from the lion's mouth, let not the pit swallow them lest they fall into darkness; but let Thy standard-bearer, the holy Michael, bring them into Thy Holy light. As Thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

CHORUS.

HOSTIAS et preces Tibi, DOMINE, laudis offerimus: Tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus: fac eas, DOMINE, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahæ, *etc.*

SACRIFICE and prayer bring we to Thee, O LORD, with praises: accept them for the souls of those whose memory we keep this day: let them pass, O LORD, from death unto life. As thou didst promise, *etc.*

CHORUS.

SANCTUS, DOMINE DEUS SABAOTH. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria Tua. Hosanna in Excelsis.

HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOTH. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the Highest.

QUARTET. CHORUS.

BENEDICTUS qui venit in nomine DOMINI. Hosanna in Excelsis.

BLESSED is he who cometh in the name of the LORD. Hosanna in the Highest.

CHORUS. SOLO. *Soprano.*

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

LUX æterna luceat eis, DOMINE, cum Sanctis Tuis in æternum, quia pius es.

LAMB OF GOD, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them unending rest.

LET thy light everlasting shine on them, O LORD, as on Thy Saints forever, for Thou art merciful.

REQUIEM æternam, *etc.*

REST eternal, *etc.*

CUM Sanctis Tuis, *etc.*

As on Thy Saints, *etc.*

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

BORN AT BONN, DECEMBER 16, 1770 . . . . . DIED AT VIENNA, MARCH 26, 1827.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

ORATORIO, OPUS 85. Composed, 1800, at Hatzendorf, near Vienna. Produced at the *Theater an der Wien*, Vienna, April 5, 1803. English text newly translated and adapted from the original German, *Christus am Oelberg*, by Rev. J. TROUTBECK. Ninth performance by the Society. First and eighth times, March 24, 1833, and March 19, 1837, respectively, at Boylston Hall. The version entitled *Engedi, or David in the Wilderness*, words by HENRY HUDSON, M. D., of Dublin, was presented by the Society four times between February 6 and 27, 1853, in Music Hall.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

JESUS, TENOR. SERAPH, SOPRANO. PETER, BASS.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AND DISCIPLES.

INTRODUCTION. *Grave. Adagio.*

RECITATIVE. ARIA. *Jesus.* My Father, O my Father, be Thou my comfort, give me strength to bear. Now is the hour approaching when I suffer. I chose to meet this hour, before the world, at Thy command, in order newly stood. I hearken to the voices of Thy seraphs; they cry aloud, Who will, in place of man, before Thy judgment-seat appear? O Father! I appear at this their call. A Saviour will I be, atoning, I alone, for all mankind. How could this feeble race, from dust created, ever meet a judgment which I, Thine only Son, can scarce endure? Behold how fearfulness, how pains of death, upon my soul have seized. My heart is faint, my Father, O comfort me!

All my soul within me shudders
At the torments drawing near;
And my members greatly tremble
With an overwhelming fear.

I am full of heavy sorrow
At the thought of mortal pain;
Drops of blood, the sweat of anguish,
From my forehead fall like rain.

Father! bowed with fear and sorrow,
Lifts Thy Son his prayer to Thee;
Be Thy power to save unbounded,
Take this cup away from me.

RECITATIVE. ARIA. *Seraph.* CHORUS. Now tremble, Nature, for this is God's own Son! Behold him! on the earth he lies; of his Father quite forsaken; enduring unspeakable pain. The Holy One! He is prepared a bitter, cruel death to suffer; that so the sinners whom he loves, from death may be delivered, and enter life eternal.

Praise the Redeemer's goodness;
Mankind, proclaim his grace:
He dies in loving-kindness,
To save your sinful race.
O triumph, all ye ransomed;
Ye shall to bliss attain,
If ye in love unfailing,
In faith and hope, remain.
But woe to those despising
The blood for them poured out;
A curse from God awaits them,
And judgment is their lot.

RECITATIVE. *Jesus.* Canst thou, O Seraph, now declare the mercy of my Heavenly Father? Will He remove the fear of death from me?

Seraph. Thus saith Jehovah: Until is quite fulfilled the mystery of death to make atonement, so long the race of man is cast away, deprived of any part in life eternal.

DUET. *Jesus.*

On me, then fall Thy heavy judgment;
Its weight, my Father, let me bear;
On me be poured the stream of anguish,
If Thou but Adam's children spare.

Seraph.

Down-stricken do I see the Great One,
For grief and pain his spirit fails;
I tremble, and myself am feeling
The mortal fear which him assails.

Both.

Though great the pain, the grief, the terror,
From God's own hand on me [him] outpoured;
Yet greater far the love and mercy
Wherewith His heart doth man regard.

RECITATIVE. *Jesus.* Then welcome, death, which I shall suffer, for man's redemption, on the cross. O ye who in the cold grave are lying, whom eternal sleep within its arms holds fast, ye shall rejoice, to bliss ye shall awaken.

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

We surely here shall find him
And take, and safely bind him,
Escape is quite in vain;
Yea, this deceiver shall be slain.

RECITATIVE. *Jesus.* CHORUS. They who to take me have been hither sent, are drawing near. My Father, O let the hours of pain in rapid flight pass over me; let them fly swift as the clouds, by a storm wind driven, across the sky are borne. Yet, not my will, nay, Thine rather, be accomplished.

Soldiers. Behold him, the deceiver, who dares to say that he is king instead of Cæsar. Then seize him and bind him fast.

Disciples. What means this crowd and tumult? Our deadly foes are nigh us! with cruel soldiers round us, ah, whither can we fly? 'T is in vain, we cannot fly! Have mercy, O, have mercy!

RECITATIVE. *Peter.* Not unchastised shall this audacious band on Thee, O Lord, my Friend and Master, their shameless hands be laying.

Jesus. O, let thy sword within its sheath remain. Were it the will of my heavenly Father, from out the hands of these my foes to save me, more than twelve legions of His angels would now be sent for my defence.

TRIO. *Peter.*

Mine inmost heart is burning
With righteous wrath and zeal,
I would that all my vengeance
Thine impious foes might feel.

Jesus.

Thou shouldst not ask for vengeance,
For thou hast come to know
That men should love each other,
And pardon every foe.

Seraph.

Give ear, O man, and hearken;
By God alone is taught
The holy law of loving
In deed, and word, and thought.

Jesus. Seraph.

O sons of men, with gladness
This holy law fulfil:
To love whoe'er may hate you,
As God Himself doth will.

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

Haste! and seize upon the traitor,
Here no longer let us stay;
Death awaits the evil doer,
Drag him quickly hence away.

Disciples.

Ah! for his sake we shall suffer,
They will drag us hence away;
They will cast us into bondage,
And our Master they will slay.

RECITATIVE. *Jesus.*

All my pain will soon be over,
My redeeming work be done;
Soon will death and hell be vanquished,
And the fight be wholly won.

CHORUS. Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son! Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs, in holy songs of joy; man, proclaim His grace and glory! Hallelujah!